

## A Boat Big as a City.

Startling Discovery Near Rome Described by a Journal Correspondent.

A Pleasure Barge as Big as the the Campania in Lake Nemi.

It Belonged to Tiberius, Cruellest and Most Depraved of Roman Emperors.

PRICELESS BRONZES RECOVERED.

The Italian Government Will Spend a Fortune in Bringing the Matchless Wreck to the Surface for the Wonder of Mankind.

Lake Nemi, Italy, Dec. 25.—In this lovely spot, every foot of which is sacred in pagan tradition, one would scarcely be surprised to see nymphs and dryads sporting among the mossgrown trees. And here, appropriately enough, will soon be brought to light a relic of antiquity that will excite greater interest than any similar discovery since the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum were unearthed.

The object at which two expert marine divers are now foraging in the pellucid depths of the lake is an immense barge built and used as a floating pleasure palace by the Emperor Tiberius before his retirement to the Island of Capri. What startling light this monster sunken craft, shrouded in the silt deposits of twenty centuries, may throw on the manners, the morals and the crimes of one of the most picturesque and bloodthirsty of imperial voluptuaries remains to be seen. It is certain that its recovery and restoration as far as possible to its original form will mark an epoch in the annals of archaeology.

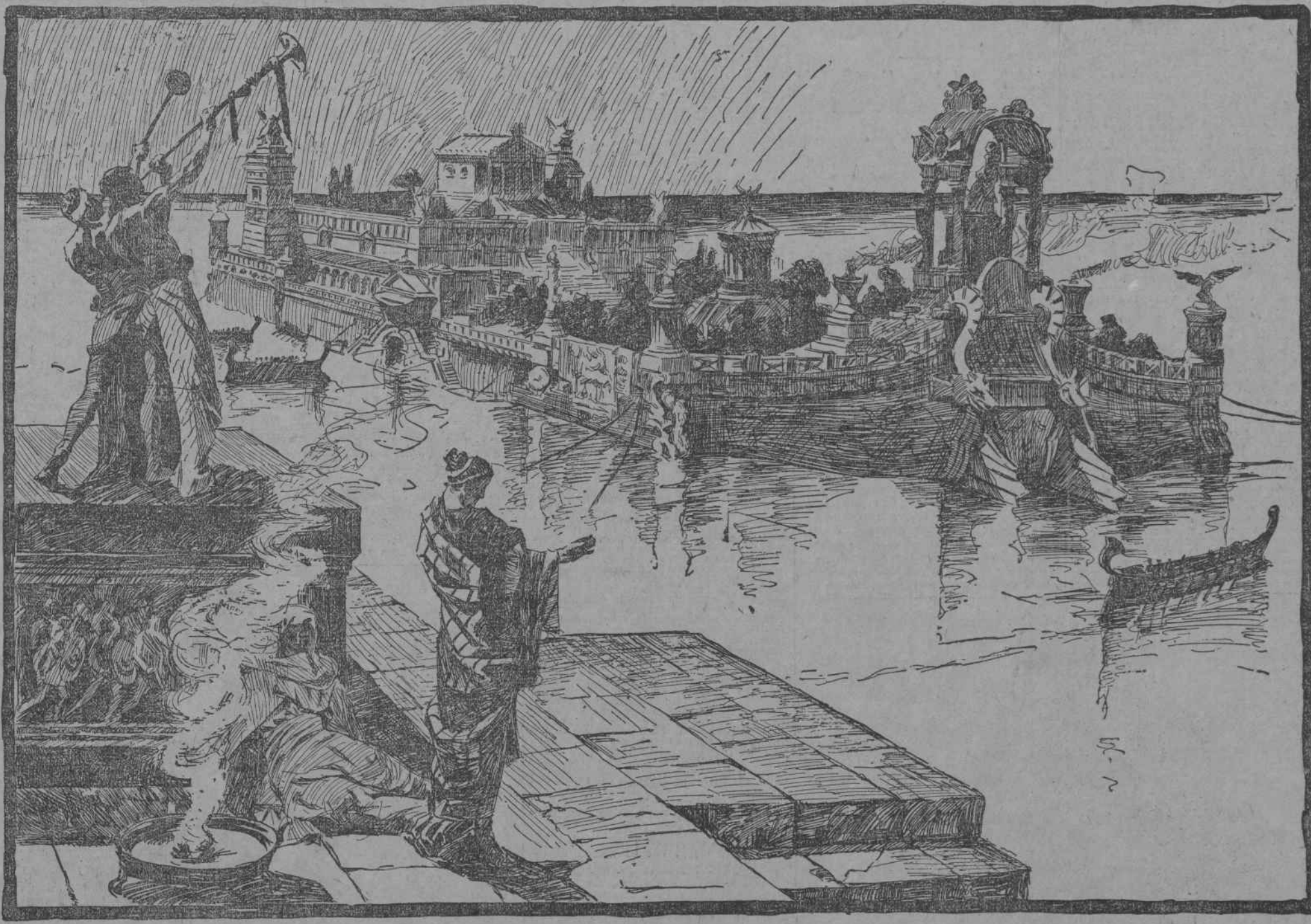
The cost of the enterprise will be enormous, but it will be more than repaid hereafter by the people of every land, who will be more than willing to give their silver in return for a glimpse at the ship that Tiberius built when he experienced the first promptings of cannal and extravagance. animated by the spirit of patriotism and scholarship peculiar to this nation of artists, is hearing the exciting and highest hopes as to the outcome of the enterprise.

The ship is known to contain priceless historical treasures. Those already brought to the surface are worth their weight in gold. It was not until after several days' work that the divers after penetrating the garment of almost impenetrable mud that has settled within two thousand placid years on the wreck, succeeded in loosening an immense object, which, after being hauled with difficulty to the surface, assumed the shape of a lion.

It was life size. Its crust of immemorial mud gave it a dark and uncanny aspect. The little band of archaeological enthusiasts who were watching the work—bearded graybeards who know more about the reign of Tiberius than most people know about the Monroe doctrine—took it in hand and embraced it lovingly, quite regardless of the rain that seemed to their clothes from its garment of filth. They scraped it, they rubbed it, they sprayed it, they washed it, they polished it, and at length, when they were all on the verge of exhaustion, and quite unfit to be seen, they fell back to rest in ecstatic contemplation of the work of the rain that seemed to their clothes from its garment of filth. They scraped it, they rubbed it, they sprayed it, they washed it, they polished it, and at length, when they were all on the verge of exhaustion, and quite unfit to be seen, they fell back to rest in ecstatic contemplation of the work of the rain that seemed to their clothes from its garment of filth.

A priceless work of genius! The savants rubbed their eyes and smiled ecstatically. For a moment or two they well might fall on each other's necks, then, professional caution reasserting itself, they produced their microscopes and hovered round the bronze lion, scrutinizing the minutest details in the metal, taking notes, muttering learned conjectures and constructing involved hypotheses in the endeavor to discover who might have been the sculptor of Tiberius's lion. They were mightily solemn over it, and they ended by each formulating a theory of his own and trying to convince his colleagues of its accuracy, with much flashing of spectacles and wagging of grizzled heads.

The dispute was interrupted by a shout from the outside who were working on the float, signifying that the divers down beneath had signalled another find. The grave professors gathered round with the eagerness of children, as the creaking of the which told them that the object, whatever its nature, was heavy. As it emerged



The Floating Palace of Emperor Tiberius, Now Being Raised Out of Lake Nemi. As Reconstructed by the Italian Architect, Rainero Arcaini.

(Drawn from the architect's sketches.)

from the water and was hoisted to the staging and thence to the bank it was seen to be the effigy of a wolf—evidently a companion piece to the lion. It underwent the same process as had its predecessor and was made the subject of an even closer scrutiny and more excited controversy.

Two things were agreed upon—first, that the wolf and the lion were superb examples of antique art; second, that Apollodorus, the renowned architect of Damascus, was the designer who designed and executed the floating palace for his imperial patron.

Among the most interested spectators of the strange scene was Prince Orsini, the numbers of the lake and the surrounding groves among the feudal possessions of his family. There is much of the old Roman patrician about Prince Orsini. Clad in a toga against that background of sylvan beauty, and he might stand for a counter of the savage Tiberius himself, come to participate in his extravagant pleasures. He was impressive enough in his shooting suit of Scotch tweed, directing the operations of the workmen. He had spent part of his own fortune in trying to recover the levitation that lies beneath the glassy surface of Lake Nemi, and the Government recognizes him as one who has every title to supervise the work, as far as lies in his inclination.

The Prince has astonished the assembled savants by his profound knowledge of antiquities, and they already evince a tendency to defer to his judgment. By his orders the bronze lion and wolf have both been removed to the Crystal museum, which contains a priceless collection of art objects and antiques.

One can form an estimate of the stupendous character of the task undertaken by the Minister of Public Instruction only by considering that the ship Tiberius built is nearly as large as the Campania, and is lying in over a hundred feet of water. And if the Campania be conceived as freighted from stem to stern with imperial art treasures of two thousand years ago it will be seen what a sound reason there is for asserting that the fruits of the labor in hand here will more than repay its cost, enormous as that will be.

Yet it is not wonderful that for 400 years men and governments have shrunk from the task. For the existence of the wreck has been known positively since 1535. Up to that time the traditions attached to it were generally discredited, for history, while painfully loquacious on the subject of Tiberius's Capri experiences, is silent

about his adventures on the bosom of Lake Nemi. In that year, however, a sunken vessel 500 feet long was discovered, and by patient grappling the investigators succeeded in bringing to the surface some leaden pipes, large nails, such as those used in shipbuilding; marbles, paving tiles and timbers, including one very long beam covered with bronze, which is now in the Roman museum.

Most important of these relics were the leaden pipes, some of which bore the name of Tiberius, Imperator. These need be nothing surprising about the depth of this small lake of Nemi, for it is the crater of an extinct volcano. It would be impossible to imagine more exquisite scene, or one more inspiring by reason of its mythological associations. The lake has no visible outlet, but close search will reveal an artificial conduit of very ancient construction, probably the work of a predecessor of Tiberius—for this tiny lake was a favorite haunt of Emperors before he spent his revenue upon his floating palace. Its situation, sixteen miles from Rome, and not far to the left of the Via Appia, made it a desirable playground for men who were anxious to escape public scrutiny. Julius Caesar, for instance, began to build a magnificent villa here, but abandoned it. Vitellius, too, spent much of his leisure here.

One of the wonders of the lake is the fountain sacred to Egeria. Here one may see the cove in the rock where Numa is said to have consulted that charming nymph. In fact, all the woods surrounding the lake were consecrated to Diana, and hence, turned a beautiful temple, traces of which may still be seen where the goddess was worshipped with all the strange rites believed to be her due. One peculiar feature of this worship was that the priest in charge of the temple was always a fugitive who had slain his predecessor. This system was regulated by a strict code. If a fugitive could approach a certain tree which grew near the temple, and by slipping the same ladder he was entitled to the privilege of fighting a duel with the priest, whom, if he killed, he should by right succeed. Hence the priest spent most of his time seeking that no adventurous sight stole a bough from the fatal tree.

Tiberius was an interesting man in a variety of ways. He was no pampered weakling. With his forefinger he could bore a hole clean through a sound, hard apple, and by flinging the same finger he could crack the skull of a boy, or even a young man. Moreover, he could see in the dark. His system was regulated by a strict code. If a fugitive could approach a certain tree which grew near the temple, and by slipping the same ladder he was entitled to the privilege of fighting a duel with the priest, whom, if he killed, he should by right succeed. Hence the priest spent most of his time seeking that no adventurous sight stole a bough from the fatal tree.

Then there was a disreputable old fellow named Sextus Gallus, from whom he accepted an invitation to dine on the float that the feast should be served by young women who had carefully omitted to make even the rudiments of their toilet. As Sextus Gallus was quite an adept at getting up little festivals of that kind, he joyfully fulfilled the condition.

But all that innocent fooling was when Tiberius was young and easily amused. Later in life he acquired a palate for fiercer recreations. His revels on the floating palace here on Lake Nemi probably occurred during the period at which human blood became an essential concomitant of his pleasures. Perhaps he shall know more accurately when all the contents of the wreck are brought to light. Perhaps there will be grim tales of his savage lust and the unbridled debauchery for which Tiberius was no less famous than for his ingenuity and extravagance.

It was when he retired from Rome and took up his residence on the Island of Capri, near Naples, that the Emperor fairly surrendered himself to his passions. Many of his acts, which afforded gossip to the gossamer Romans of that day, could not be even hinted at in print. Surrounded by a little court of eunuchs, debauchees, astrologers, assassins and vile degenerates, he apparently thought of nothing but bloodshed and the gratification of his base appetites. No torture was too terrible for him to inflict upon his victims of whatever sex or age. He had naked and bound youths and maidens thrown over a precipice before his eyes, and then, if they still lived, beaten to death at the bottom, was one of his favorite diversions.

Every schoolboy knows of his many political murders, and the relatives whom he started or otherwise tortured to death. Did he torture anybody on his Lake Nemi floating palace? Perhaps we shall see.

## They Fought Almost to Death.

Shocking Scenes at an Alleged Pugilistic Encounter.

Breathless Audience Watched a Deliberate Attempt to Murder.

Desperate Efforts of a Giant Turk to Maim and Throttle His Opponent in the Ring.

SAVED AT THE LAST MOMENT.

Men and Women Spectators, However, Hammered the Would-Be Murderer with Champagne Bottles—A Ghastly Spectacle.

Paris, Dec. 24.—Three hundred bloods, among them a few ladies so-called, who went to the Winter Circus last night to witness an exposition of the noble art of self-defence, had a narrow escape from seeing the most brutal murder known in the annals of prize fighting. The performance was eminently up to date in the one respect that the combatants belonged to the people which figured most conspicuously in the public press and in the public mind during the last three months of the past year—figured, too, as the nation guilty of the worst cruelties on record.

It was an invited audience, comprising all the well-known sports and many women with whom the public is even better acquainted. Tom Canon, Pierri and M. Doublere were the managers. The master of ceremonies was the well-known theatrical director, Franconi. The first two named represented the Turkish pugilist Kara-Amet. M. Doublere is the trainer and impresario of Jussuf, the Turkish Armenian.

Jussuf is a "big" fellow, not unlike your American ex-champion, John L. Sullivan; Kara-Amet has an American counterpart in Griffo, as far as figure goes. The battle was for a purse of 2,000 francs, and, incidentally, for an engagement covering the last three months of the Winter Circus. There was only one police agent present, a lieutenant, who seemed to be more interested in pugilism than in the observance of the law.

The roped arena was only a few feet from the tier of boxes in which the audience was seated in such splendid comfort and during the last three months of the ring. After refreshments had been served the two champions—both men claim this title as heavy and light weight respectively—appeared on the platform, which was covered with a canvas carpet. But for a narrow loin cloth of green leather, Jussuf and Kara were entirely naked, the first statue-like, confident and brutal, the second agile, fleetfooted, graceful, the type of the artful dodger. The dark skin of each man shone as the result of an application of fat or oil. Of course they wore no gloves and their hair was cropped.

After a few opening passes the giant Jussuf, threw himself suddenly forward with such tremendous weight as to force Kara to stumble and fall upon his back. At the same moment he drew up his arms and legs to prevent his opponent from kneeling upon his stomach. Evidently Kara was too quick for the giant, who melted beside him, holding back the upper part of Kara's body with his left hand and trying with his right to flatten out the light weight's legs. For five minutes it seemed as if he would succeed in this, but all of a sudden Kara's oiled body escaped the weight and he turned his back to the audience, resting the body on the elbows and knees.

With a howl of disappointment the giant threw himself upon Kara's back, as if he meant to break it in two, and then settled

upon it, propping his naked feet against the floor and thus trying to increase the pressure exerted.

Three-quarters of an hour he remained in this position, with a fierce determination upon his face, first clutching the flanks of his opponent and then trying to force his hands between Kara's skin and the leather of his loin cloth in order to obstruct the light weight's breathing.

It was a fearful spectacle, pregnant of brutal suggestion. "He is going to flatten the little one out like a pancake," said a grizzled old man in the boxes. One of the editors of the Figaro remarked: "It is like a Turkish army corps crushing the revolt of an Armenian village of ten huts." The police agent was all attention and excitement. "There is no danger," he said, "simply an attempt to make him give in. I will not interfere."

At last the pressure became too great for the light weight, his knees and elbows gave way and he fell flat to the floor. At the same moment Jussuf rose and threw himself down upon the prostrate form of his opponent with all possible force. Then he oiled body and limbs, keeping close to the oiled body beneath him, forward like a giant snake, until his hands reached Kara's head.

His fingers clutched the man's throat, and a spectator called out in terror, but his neighbors told him to mind his business. Now Kara, in his death struggle, knocked on the floor three times, and somebody cried, "He has forced his fingers up Kara's nostrils! Kara will choke!" "Kill the beast! He is committing murder!" shrieked a woman.

Instantly the whole audience rose to run and jump and scramble down into the arena. The seconds had meanwhile vainly tried to tear Jussuf from his victim. Now every body laid violent hands upon the brute, but without moving him. Then the women commenced to belabor his head and shoulders and feet with champagne bottles and glasses that soon were broken, and scolding his own danger. Jussuf at last relented. When he was led to his corner blood streamed from his head, neck, shoulders and legs, but he did not seem to mind that. His eyes were fixed upon his opponent's form, and he seemed to regret when he saw him move after a vigorous application of all kinds of resuscitation. After thirty minutes Kara was able to speak, and then proceeded to accuse Jussuf in passionate terms of a wilful attempt to murder him. The crowd laughed heartily and offered to give his opponent satisfaction. The audience meanwhile had quieted down and prepared for another bout, but now the police lieutenant arose in his might, and girding himself with the tri color sash of his office, declared the assembly dissolved. He had been steaming about thirty knots for three hours, the palat on the four chimneys was as fresh as when put on.

F. F. L.

## SWIFT TORPEDO BOAT.

Russia Has a Mysterious New Craft Which Is Capable of Making a Mile Easily in Two Minutes.

[London Engineering.]

Very few vessels have yet been built have excited more interest than the Sokol, the latest addition to the Russian fleet. The guaranteed speed of twenty-nine knots was alone sufficient to account for this, it having been two knots in excess of anything promised at the time the contract for the vessel was made. It may be said at once that the interest shown by engineers and naval architects in the progress of the vessel has been more than justified.

The vessel is 109 feet long, by 18 feet 6 inches beam. She is, of course, a twin-screw vessel, and has three-stage compound engines of the type ordinarily fitted by Messrs. Yarrow in vessels of this class; having cylinders 18 inches, 26 inches and 39½ inches in diameter, by 15 inches in stroke.

The boilers are eight in number. They are of the well-known Yarrow type, and may be stated that boiler arrangements are similar to those of the Hornet, the vessel built by this firm for the English Government, but which was about 25 knots slower than the Russian vessel. It will be remembered that at the preliminary trial the maximum mean speed of 30½ knots was obtained. As a second comparison of three runs, with and against tide, since then the official three hours' run had been made in the presence of Vice-Admiral Oukhrinsky, naval attaché to the Russian Government, and chief of the Russian Commission; Captain Behr, who will com-

## A New Race of Whites.

They Kill Strangers and Make Human Sacrifices.

Found by an African Traveller Far Removed from Civilization.

The Men Are of Giant Stature and the Women of Rare Beauty.

MAKE THEIR HOMES IN CAVES.

Possessed of Marked Intelligence and Great Wealth—Free from Savage Customs Save the Worship of the Sun.

Another strange discovery has been made in Africa. It is a race of whites, of great intelligence and power, and the story of the discovery is vouched for as authentic by Captain H. D. Larymore, of the Gold Coast constabulary, now visiting in England.

There is in Africa a class of men who, like the "timber cruisers" of the American Northwest, penetrate the regions not yet invaded by civilization. It is one of these men, who made the discovery, and he is now, or was when Captain Larymore left, at Johannesburg, trying to form an expedition to visit the region inhabited by the whites, who, he says, are possessed of marvellous wealth.

The country where this tribe dwells lies beyond and to the northeast of Komanyas. It is totally unexplored by white men, although native caravans occasionally pass near the district.

The whites, he says, are a strong, fearless and exclusive race, who do all in their power to prevent strangers from passing through their territory. The stature of the men, as a rule, exceeds six feet. They are of very fair complexion, though somewhat browned by the exposure of the sun, and their methods of life have light hair and blue eyes. The women, Mr. Getty says, are of Jannese proportions and rare beauty. This entire tribe dwell in caves, but none of the squalor attends their manner of living which has been peculiar to the cave dwellers known in modern times. Their homes are models of neatness. Their attire is modest and indicates that they lack entirely the elements of brutality, so general among races not yet touched by the magic wand of civilization.

The men wear a sort of shirt woven from fibres of a plant peculiar to the section in which they live. A short skirt of skins falls from the waist to the knee, the limbs below that point, as well as the feet, being bare. The women wear a sleeveless garment which extends from the neck to the feet, being confined at the waist by a sort of leathern girdle. They do not disfigure themselves in any way in the manner of the natives of modern times. Their homes are models of neatness. Their attire is modest and indicates that they lack entirely the elements of brutality, so general among races not yet touched by the magic wand of civilization.

The government of the tribe is liberal to a degree. There is a head chief and a council of lesser chiefs, who frame the laws and impose punishment upon violators thereof. These laws are simple, and crime is almost unknown. The punishment therefore being very severe—generally death. Polygamy is not practised, no man having more than one wife. If a man and wife disagree the matter is laid before the head chief. If he decides they should not live together longer, the woman goes to her father, uncle or brother, and either is free to marry again.

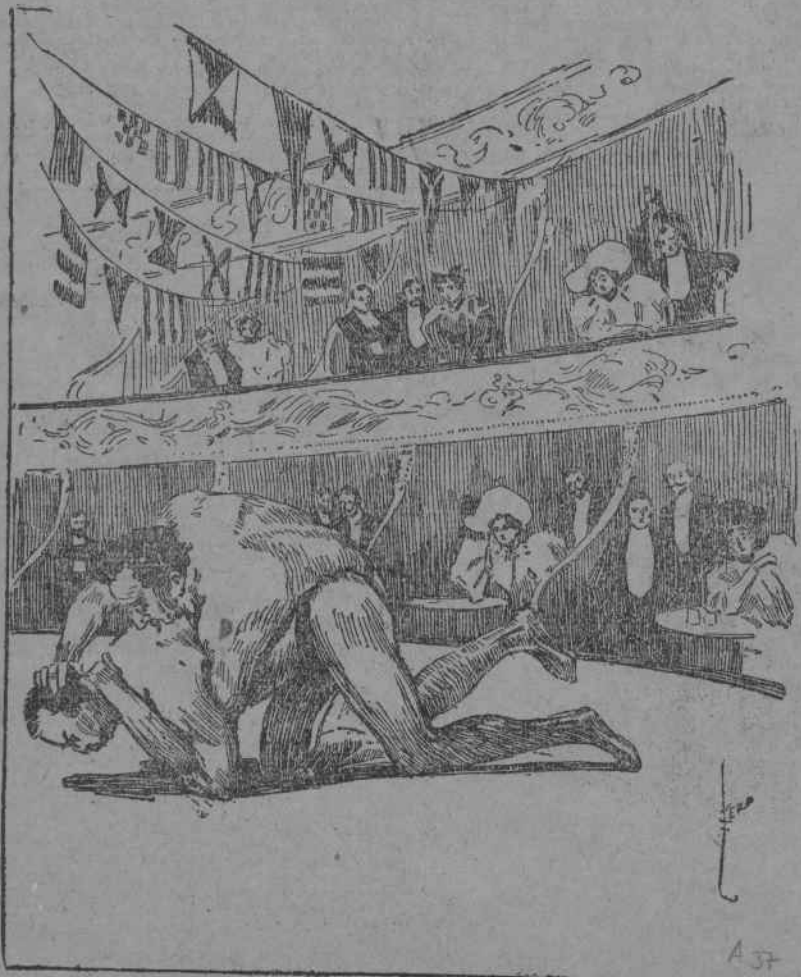
The position of the women of the tribe is not at all degrading, and they are not required to perform duties to which they are not suited. The degrees of society are much like those of civilization, and servants are freely employed. The members of the tribe are, however, all worshippers of the sun. In this connection is the only inhuman feature that attaches to their methods. Each year several human lives are sacrificed. The sacrifices are supposed to be voluntary on the part of the sacrificers, but Mr. Getty says he doubts, from what he saw, if this is true.

The tribe has gold and diamonds in plenty. From the fact that they seem to appreciate to a slight extent the value of these, Mr. Getty is of opinion that at some time or other they have come in contact with a trader who revealed the truth to them. He tried to learn where the gold and diamonds were obtained, but was threatened with instant death if he persisted in his inquiries.

Captain Larymore, who related the story as told to him by Mr. Getty, says that the latter found it difficult to leave the tribe, because the members are greatly averse to any information concerning them reaching the outside world. It was only by giving a solemn promise to return that he was given permission to depart.



Captain Larymore Discovers a New Race of Whites in Africa.



Kara, in His Death Struggle, Beat on the Floor.

(From sketches made on the spot.)